

AUGUST

Mary Marvel

10¢

NO. 4



**THE STORY
of the
YEAR!**

**THE WORLD'S
MIGHTIEST GIRL
ON LEAVE OF
ABSENCE!**

*Plus Other Grade A
Stories!*

MARY MARVEL
COMICS

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W. A. Fawcett, Jr.
Publisher



The powers of six goddesses have been gathered together and placed in the hands of **MARY BATSON!** When **MARY** pronounces the name of the ancient wizard, "**SHAZAM,**" she becomes the **WORLD'S MIGHTIEST FLYING GIRL, MARY MARVEL!** Her powers are used only to combat crime and injustice.

IN THIS ISSUE:

"**LEAVE OF ABSENCE!**"

"**BEAUTY AND THE BEAST!**"

"**THE KINDEST MAN IN THE WORLD!**"

"**THE SLAPHAPPY SEALS!**"

PLUS: EXTRA FEATURES

MARY MARVEL

THE WORLD'S HIGHEST GALS



"LEAVE OF ABSENCE"

MARY MARVEL

BANDIT TEAM,
ROBBING FIFTH AVE.
SHOPS! SUFFRITY
BANK AND HARD, A
DARING BANDIT PAIR, HAVE ROBBERED
ANOTHER SHOP ON THE AVENUE, AND
AGAIN ESCUED THE
POLICE...
ARRR!!



MARY MARVEL OUGHT TO TAKE A
HAND IN THIS! I'LL GO IN ALL THE
STORES! AND KEEP MY EYES OPEN IN
CASE THEY STRIKE AGAIN TODAY!

I'LL JUST MAKE SMALL PURCHASES
IN THE STORE, AND WAIT FOR THE
ROBBERS TO CROSS MY PATH--
IF THEY'RE OUT
TODAY.



SUDDENLY....

STICK 'EM
UP!

OH, HEAVENS! IT'S
SUFFRITY BANK
AND HARD!





JUST WHAT I WAS HOPING FOR! NOW TO LET MARY MARVEL TAKE CARE OF THEM...

SHAZAM!

MARY SHOWS THE IMAGE OF THE OLD BEARD AND MARY'S USE INSTANT TRANSFORMATION...WHICH DOESN'T HAPPEN!

WHERE'S THE LIGHTNING? WHAT'S WRONG? WHY DIDN'T I CHANGE TO MARY MARVEL?



ALL TRY AGAIN!

SHAZAM!

SHAZAM!

SHAZAM!



WHY? WHY DIDN'T I CHANGE TO MARY MARVEL?

OOOPS?

MR. OLSEN IS OFF HIS BEAM! SHE'S BEEN SHOUTIN' HER TONGUE OFF AND STRENGTH WOOD! SHUT UP, YOU!



MARY BATSON CAN ONLY WATCH HELPLESSLY AS THE BANDITS MAKE THEIR GETAWAY!

SHAZAM HAS FAILED TO COME TO MY AID!



BAFFLED MARY RETURNS HOME!

WHAT DOES IT MEAN? HAVE I LOST THE GREAT SHAZAM POWERS? WILL I NEVER AGAIN CHANGE TO MARY MARVEL?



IN THE PRINCY OF HER ROOM....

I'LL TRY AGAIN! SHAZAM!... SHAZAM!...NO, IT'S NO USE! THE MAGIC LIGHTNING JUST DOESN'T COME!



BOB! I'VE LOST THE SHAZAM POWERS! OH, IS SO MISERABLE! BOB!

MARY, WHOSE ONE AIM IN LIFE IS TO BATTLE CRIME AND INJUSTICE SO THAT THE TRODDEN PEOPLE CAN SURVIVE, FEELS HER LOSS!



BUT THE SPIRIT OF OLD SHAZAM, THE EGYPTIAN WIZARD, VOICES MARY BATSON?

MARY! MARY!
CAN YOU
HEAR ME?

SHAZAM!
IT'S YOU!



PLEASE, SHAZAM! WHY HAVE YOU
FAILED ME? WHY DIDN'T YOU
SEND THE MAGIC LIGHTNING
THAT CHANGES ME TO
MARY MARVEL. I HAVE
I DONE SOMETHING
TO DISAPPOINT YOU?

LISTEN,
MY CHILD!

ONCE IN A THOUSAND YEARS
FOR ONE DAY, I, TOO, LOSE
MY POWERS. SO IT IS
WRITTEN, AND THIS IS
THAT DAY.



GULP! YOU MEAN YOU CAN'T
RECALL THE FORMER
TODAY AT ALL?

NO! NOT FOR
24 HOURS! FOR
24 HOURS YOU WILL
BE UNABLE TO
CHANGE TO MARY
MARVEL!



BUT WHAT AM I
TO DO, IF I CAN'T
CHANGE TO MARY
MARVEL? HOW CAN
I GET SUPPER
BOYS AND
HUGO?

I'M SORRY, MY CHILD! I CANNOT
HELP YOU IN THAT! IN 24 HOURS
YOU WILL GAIN BACK YOUR POWERS,
BUT MEANWHILE YOU MUST
JUGGLE YOURS WITH! GOODBYE!



USE MY WITS... HUM... OH BOY! I'VE
GOT A GREAT IDEA! I HAVE LOTS OF
CLOTH HERE...



SO I'LL SEW ME
A MARY
MARVEL
COSTUME!



FINE! I'M STILL MARY BATSON,
BUT I LOOK EXACTLY LIKE
MARY MARVEL! I CAN
NOW PLAY THE PART
OF MARY MARVEL!



SO, MARY MARVEL ISN'T
AROUND! SUPPER BOYS
AND HUGO ARE GOING TO
FIND OUT DIFFERENT





MEANWHILE, MARY RETURNS HOME, ONCE MORE BAFFLED.

IT ALMOST WORKED BUT NOT QUITE! I'VE GOT TO LAY A TRAP FOR THEM! AND THIS TIME I'VE GOT TO WORK THINGS RIGHT!

SCHEE AND HUGO ARE MAKING A SYSTEMATIC ROBBERY OF THE AVENUE. THEY PROBABLY WILL CASH THEIR NEXT JOB DURING THE EVENING AND IF THEY ARE OUT TONIGHT, I'M READY FOR THEM!

NOW TO BAIT THE TRAP! THIS HOUSE IS NEAR AN EXPENSIVE SILVER STORE—PROBABLY THE NEXT ON THEIR LIST. I BORROWED MOTHER'S JEWELRY FOR MY PLAN SO IT HAD BETTER WORK.



IF SCHEE AND HUGO ARE AROUND TONIGHT, THIS IS BOUND TO CATCH THEIR EYE! THERE'S CAN USUALLY SEE JEWELS SPARKLE A MILE AWAY!



LATER...

BOSS, LOOK! DO YOU SEE JEWELS IN DAT WINDOW!

I SURE DON! A SORT TUGH!



LOOK! DA BASHMENT DOOR IS OPEN!

HOW CARELESS OF THEM!



I PURPOSELY LEFT THE DOOR OPEN! COME INTO MY PARLOR, SAYS THE SPIDER TO THE FLY!



HELLO, THERE!

YIPE! MARY MARVEL!





MARY MARVEL

Comics

IN FULL COLOR! MARY MARVEL WILL SEND PAGES OF THRILLING ADVENTURE, ACTION AND LAUGHTER! ALL FOR ONLY 10¢. BY THE WAY... ARE YOU IN THE "KNOW"? DID YOU KNOW THAT MARY MARVEL ALSO APPEARS IN "BOM" COMICS WITH RE-SOLOUT COME-ON-KING AND MARTIN EAGLE? GET 'EM AND BUY A COPY NOW!



HAS TIME
ON HER
HANDS!



OH, I'M SO
EXCITED!

CALM YOURSELF,
DIZZY. WHAT
HAPPENED?



I JUST COMPLETED A BIG
BUSINESS DEAL. YOU'D BE
PROUD OF IT YOURSELF, MR.
SINGLETON!



THAT'S FINE
WHAT WAS
IT?

I BOUGHT A
HUNDRED
THOUSAND
CALENDARS
AND



...ALL OF
THE YEAR, 1930.

1930? WHAT
DO YOU EXPECT
TO DO WITH A
HUNDRED THOU-
SAND 1930
CALENDARS?



WHY, MR. SINGLETON,
DON'T YOU REALIZE



IF 1930 EVER
COMES BACK, I'LL
HAVE THE ENTIRE
CALENDAR
MARKET
CORNERED!



A CRIMINAL WANTED FOR ROBBERY AND SHOOTING FLIES DESPERATELY THROUGH THE CITY!

IT'S NO USE SHOOTING!
 OOPS! NOTHIN'
 STOPS DAT MARY
 MARVEL!

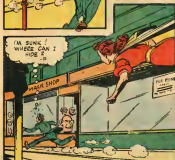


YES, IT IS THE FAMED SHAZAM GIRL IN PURSUIT,
 MARY MARVEL!

SHOOT ALL
 YOU WANT,
 DANGEROUS
 DAN!



I'M SUNK!
 WHERE CAN I
 HIDE?



WAT? IS DAT
 GUY IN DA HACK
 SHOP BECOMING
 TO ME?

THIS WAY, MAN!
 QUICK! I'LL
 SAVE YOU!













BUT THE HOT SUN
MELTS DOWN AND...

OH! MY
MASK IS MELTING!
I'M RUINED!



BUT WHEN THE GIRL REACHES THE
JUDGE'S STAND...

THE WINNER!
OUR HONORED
GUEST, MARY
MARVEL, WILL
HOLD THE PRIZE
TO HER!



BUT...BUT I'M
NOT BEAUTIFUL AT
ALL! I HAVE
FRECKLES AND
AN UPTURNED
NOSE!

THIS PRIZE
IS BEING AWARDED
NOT FOR BEAUTY
ALONE... BUT
WHOLESOME-
NESS AS WELL!
YOU ARE THE
WINNER! TAKE
THE PRIZE!



SOB! HOW WONDERFUL!
I WON THE MONEY WITH
MY OWN PAGE, NOT THE
MASK! NOW I CAN BRING
THE MONEY HOME WITH A
PRIZE CONSCIENCE!



BUT MARY MARVEL SECRETLY
FOLLOWS HER!

I SAW THAT GIRL'S
MASK MELT IN THE
SUN, BEFORE HE AWARDED
THE PRIZE! SHE
MUST HAVE GOTTEN THE
MASK FROM MY BROTHER!
I'LL FOLLOW
AND SEE...



WELL, WELL,
MY DEAR!
I SEE YOU
WON THE
PRIZE! GIVE
IT TO ME!
ALL OF
IT!

PLEASE
LET GO OF
ME! YOU'RE
HURTING MY
ARM!



HERE'S YOUR
CUT, BROTHER...
RIGHT ON
THE NOSE!



LATER...

MARY MARVEL
HOLDING
A NEWSPAPER

HE'S IN JAIL
NOW! BUT HE
CERTAINLY OWES
MARY MARVEL A
TIME OF IT, WITH HIS
CLEVER MASKS!

ATTENTION!
MARY MARVEL FINIS!
WE HAVE A SURPRISE
IN STORE FOR YOU IN
NEXT MONTH'S MARY
MARVEL COMICS!
TIE A STRING AROUND
YOUR FINGER SO THAT
YOU'LL NOT FORGET TO
PICK UP YOUR APRIL ISSUE!



SAND TRAP

BY JUSTIN DEWEY TRIEM

PEERING INTO the sunken face of the man in the bunk, Carl Johnston felt a wave of uneasiness sweep him. Identification papers proved him to be Professor Grimes. So the half-submerged schooner, resting with her bottom ripped out on the coral reefs was the Mary Wells. Her last report had placed the schooner directly in the path of a hurricane.

Switching off the flashlight, Carl crossed the slanting deck to the door. The island lay beyond, touched by the eerie silver of the night moon. As Carl stood there he again felt strange uneasiness. Something about the vessel touched off a tiny spark of warning. He had seen no one else about the island. It had been night when he and Matty Brice landed the plane on the beach. Matty had gone to search the far half of the island. Perhaps there were other survivors. There must have been a crew of three or four...

The muttering of a voice from the bunk brought Carl around. Professor Grimes had been injured, was suffering from lack of food and water. He lay in a coma. His blackened lips occasionally whispered bits of unintelligible words. He needed immediate medical attention.

Resolutely Carl prepared to transport the patient to dry land. He was light as a feather. Carl wrapped him carefully in blankets, crossed the slanting cabin to the deck. The going was dangerous for wreckage littered the way. The low side of the deck was nearest the shore.

The next thing was to find Matty Brice. The island was small, heavily wooded. Carl made the unconscious man as comfortable as possible, then turned away along the beach. The island curved toward the south...

Suddenly Carl halted. A body was lying face down. Carl had almost stumbled across it. Instantly he turned the beam of the flashlight down...

It was Matty Brice.

Kneeling in the dark Carl felt Matty's wrist, found the pulse still beating strongly. In the momentary glimpse he had permitted himself, he had seen that Matty's chest and shoulder were bloody, that there was a heavy gash across the side of his head. It must have been done with a club.

Swiftly Carl Johnston gathered his friend into his arms. It was dark here, for the moon was low and sheltered beyond the island. Carl hurried back to where he had left Professor

Grimes, lowered Matty gently to the ground. Matty Brice twitched—

The explosion was a deep, sullen roar. Carl whirled. Smoke and flame shot up from the schooner, blasting rubble into the sky. A second explosion followed and again flame billowed high. As Carl stared he saw the remnant of the schooner settle further on her side, and begin to slide back into deeper water. It plunged from sight finally, leaving only a swirl of foam.

THE NIGHT silence was complete. Carl turned to stare into the darkness surrounding him. His nerves were strained and on edge. For he knew now that something was wrong. It had been no chance that had set off the charges in the old schooner. But what could have done it? And what must he do now about Professor Grimes and Matty?

Matty's injuries seemed the least serious, so now Carl knelt, picked up the old man and started around the island. The plane was on the opposite side. Once he reached it he'd feel much safer. Both men needed medical aid. The Professor especially.

As he slushed along through the mud with his burden, Carl's mind was busy. What had happened to the crew of the schooner? Where were they? Human hands had set

off that charge of explosives, and had struck Matty down.

Unwarily Carl paused to place his burden on the ground. Carl stepped forward. His breath was short, his muscles tired from this unaccustomed strain. But his job was not half done. If only it were daylight.

Sound came suddenly and Carl aghast. He was just in time to see a figure hurtling at him. He flung himself to one side. A clashing hand caught his shirt, ripped it from him. He was jerked forward almost onto his face. He recovered and leaped back.

The figure was hanging at him, a man who bore down upon him savagely, the dim, bearded face contorted. Carl leaped aside, ducking a blow, trading one that drove his attacker from his feet, sent him floundering across the sand. He leaped up—

A glancing blow from behind drove Carl to the sand. He rolled away and up, dodged another smashing attack delivered by a second dim figure. Both men converged upon him now. The club flashed down, just grazing Carl's shoulder.

Desperately he flung himself to meet the nearest. He got in a solid, crushing blow, saw the fellow go down and knew it would be for the count.

The club whirled past. Carl felt the angry breath of it beside his face. He stumbled backward, gasping for breath, off balance.

Frantically he twisted away. Dazed and shaken, he dove across the beach. The underbrush clawed at his face and hands as he ploughed into it. The pain of that first blow was beginning to tell now.

He knew only that he must escape or be killed. Momentarily he had won a decision, but it would only be a very short one, after which both men would be on his trail again.

The island rose to a little hill. At the top Carl paused to listen and catch his rasping breath. His lungs burned like

fire, his body was one solid ache. He'd twisted his ankle and hadn't realized it till now.

THE PAIN was growing numbly worse. But he knew he must get away. Swiftly he turned down hill. Near the bottom he broke into a run, plunging recklessly through the last of the shrubbery, numb to the branches and vines clutching at him.

He was on the beach and could see the plane. He broke into a staggering run, breath coming in short quick gasps over his parched tongue.

He reached the side of the plane. He turned to look back. He could escape. But how about Matty? And... Professor Grimes?

Carl hesitated. As yet there was no sign of pursuit. He couldn't take off and leave Matty and the old man. He'd never find them alive when he came back with help.

Hurriedly Carl turned. Climbing into the cockpit of the plane he started the motor, set the brakes. There was a coil of wire among the tools. He found it. One end he secured to the throttle. He tumbled out onto the sand and, uncoiling the wire as he went, hurried back to the edge of the brush. He still saw no sign of pursuit.

Where were the two men? Had they given up? Or were they spying upon him even now, watching the trap he was laying? Perhaps they had a rifle and were already sighting him across the barrel—

Suddenly he saw them as they plunged out of the bush along his trail, began racing toward the plane. Carl tensed. One of them still carried a club. Probably they thought he was already in the cockpit. A little closer... closer...

Gently Carl pulled the wire. And down the beach the plane's prop whirled into sudden life. The motor rose to an angry drone as the blades bit into the air. As long as the brakes held and it didn't nose over—

Behind it in the back-slash, the two men suddenly came to a stop. For a moment they were almost completely hidden, blacked-out as a thin mist of sand whipped into churning life. It engulfed them, drove into their faces and bodies like bits of glass. They whirled and stumbled away, groping at their eyes. One of them tottered and fell, crawled away on hands and knees.

Swiftly Carl raced forward. The water-logged hunk of beach-wood he had picked up was solid and heavy. It did the work well. With the bearded men lying unconscious on the sand, Carl circled the plane and closed the throttle.

CARL JOHNSTON looked down at Professor Grimes, turned and rejoined Matty beside the fire they had built on the beach. "The old gent's asleep," Carl said. "Those two guys came aboard as deckhands. While they were somewhere up a south-sea port. He told us a little about that. They wanted to work their way back to the States. But after they were out a couple of weeks, he discovered they were smuggling back a fortune in gold with them on the schooner.

"The storm drove them aground. And tonight, after they'd saved the gold and all supplies, they blew up the schooner so no one would ever find out about them. They probably hoped to use either one of us, or both, to get out of here later on. Otherwise we'd have been killed."

Matty gingerly explored the side of his head. "Well, except for this bump on the head, I found, it turned out to be a successful searching party." Matty chuckled, and added, "I've heard of snake being bad for the eyes, but I guess sand is a lot worse. Judging by the fuss those two have been making, it must be down-right painful!"

The End

MARY MARVEL

THE WORLD'S mightiest GULL!

MEETS THE "KINDEST MAN IN THE WORLD!"



MET THE KINDEST MAN IN THE WORLD! A MAN SO GRAND OF SOUL AND PURE OF HEART THAT HE IS A FRIEND OF ALL! LET US WATCH AS A CHILD COMES IN HIS SMALL SHOP!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, MY CHILD? WHY ARE YOU CRYING?

BOO HOO HOO! I LOST MY PENNY! I CAN'T BUY CANDY!



WHY, WHO CARES ABOUT THE PENNY? HERE, MY LITTLE MAN! CANDY IS MADE TO BE EATEN BY LITTLE CHILDREN!

DOOO! THANK YOU!



IN THE WHOLE WORLD, THERE IS NOTHING BETTER TO SEE THAN THE HAPPINESS OF A CHILD! IT MAKES ME HAPPY, TOO!



BUT MEANWHILE, DOWN THE STREET, A FAR DIFFERENT EVENT IS OCCURRING, WITNESSED BY GLADY BATSON!

THIS IS A STICK-UP!

A ROBBED... SHAZAM!

HERE'S YOUR PEN-ONE, MISTER!









WOW, MR. GOODHART IS GOOD!
HE'S JUST AS THE
GREATEST MAN
IN THE WHOLE
WORLD!



LET ME TELL YOU THE TRUTH ABOUT THIS...
MR. GOODHART IS A
GREAT MAN, BUT HE'S
NOT AS GOOD AS
HE SEEMS TO BE.
HE'S A LIAR, A
CHEAT, AND A
SCOUNDREL!



HEY, WAIT! THAT'S
GONE TOO FAR,
PAL! FOR ME
NO MORE!
YOU GOT
NOTHING!

OOO!



MR. GOODHART IS A
GREAT MAN, BUT HE'S
NOT AS GOOD AS
HE SEEMS TO BE.
HE'S A LIAR, A
CHEAT, AND A
SCOUNDREL!



MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT,
BUT I HAVE TO
GO NOW AND TRY
TO RECOVER THAT
GOOD!



I KNOW HE'S
IN THERE! GOODHART
IS JUST A LIAR AND
SCOUNDREL! I'LL
WATCH AND SEE!



MR. GOODHART IS A
GREAT MAN, BUT HE'S
NOT AS GOOD AS
HE SEEMS TO BE.
HE'S A LIAR, A
CHEAT, AND A
SCOUNDREL!



MR. GOODHART IS A
GREAT MAN, BUT HE'S
NOT AS GOOD AS
HE SEEMS TO BE.
HE'S A LIAR, A
CHEAT, AND A
SCOUNDREL!



AS MARY IS ABOUT TO LEAVE WITH HER RESOLVE...





MARY MARVEL

MARY MARVEL

"THE GLADHAPPY SEALS"



A HAPPY FAMILY IS THAT OF OUR BELOVED AND TRained SEALS.



SEEING THEIR BELOVED MASTER IN TROUBLE, THE SEALS TAKE A HAND!





PASSING BY ON THE STREET, MARY BISON HEARS THE PERDING CRIES!



MAGIC LIGHTNING FLARES DOWN, TRANSFORMING MARY BISON INTO FANTASTIC..... MARY MARVEL!













Attention Girls!

IF YOU HAVEN'T ALREADY JOINED MARY MARVEL'S CLUB FOR GIRLS, LEND AN EAR, IT'S THE FASTEST GROWING CLUB IN THE COUNTRY. YOU RECEIVE A MARY MARVEL MAGIC LABEL PIN, A UNIQUE NOVELTY (SEE BELOW) THAT WILL AFFORD YOU MANY HOURS OF FUN AND DRESS-ING-UP YOUR THEATRICAL SUITS AND ORNERY! YOU WILL ALSO BE KEPT "IN THE KNOW" WHERE COMIC NEWS, FASHIONS AND OTHER SUBJECTS OF INTEREST ARE CONCERNED. **FOR FUN TOMORROW JOIN TODAY!**



MARY MARVEL

27 West 100th Ave., Glendale, Cal.

Dear Mary Marvel:

Please send me a membership in the MARY MARVEL CLUB I enclose \$2.00 to be used or stamped to cover the outstanding dues. I understand that there is a separate MARY MARVEL CLUB CARD and the MARY MARVEL MAGIC LABEL PIN.

Name _____ Age _____

Home Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please let me know if you need more information or if you have any questions. I will be glad to help you.

1946

AUGUST

1946

HISTORY OF THE MONTH

AUGUST 2, 1907: ARMY AIR FORCES WAS BORN

AUGUST 9, 1893: ISAAC WALTON, FAMOUS FISHERMAN, WAS BORN

AUGUST 14, 1942: ROOSEVELT AND CHURCHILL DREW UP THE ATLANTIC CHARTER

AUGUST 27, 1858: EDWIN DRAKE OF PENNSYLVANIA BECAME THE FIRST MAN TO TAP OIL AT ITS SOURCE

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
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25	26		28	29	30	31
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HEY FELLOWS,

*See what I've
got here!*

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the latest wrinkles in
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television in *Mechanix Illustrated*
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the wonderful
model planes
and boats you
can build your-
self!

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